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# DAREDEVIL

## TREE OF KNOWLEDGE / IOFV

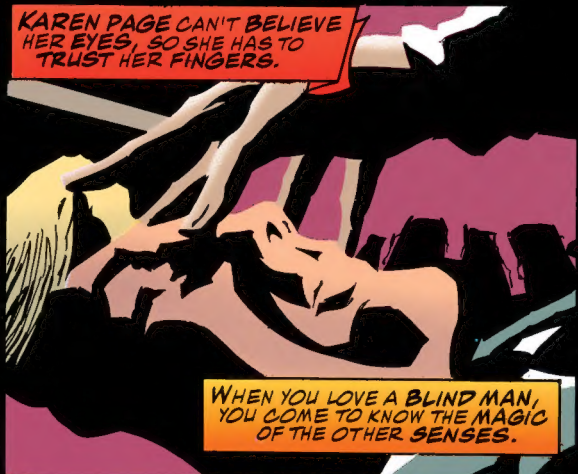


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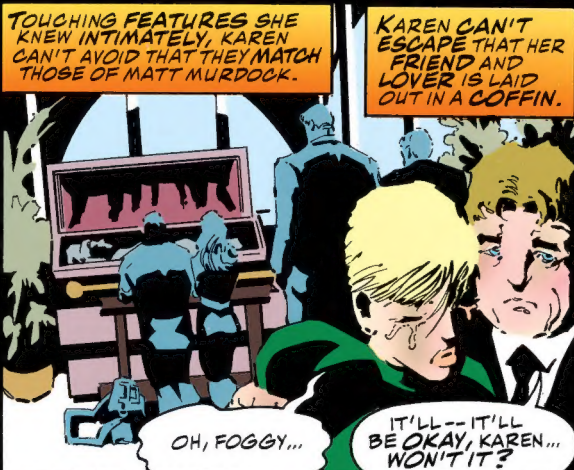


KAREN PAGE CAN'T BELIEVE HER EYES, SO SHE HAS TO TRUST HER FINGERS.



WHEN YOU LOVE A BLIND MAN, YOU COME TO KNOW THE MAGIC OF THE OTHER SENSES.

TOUCHING FEATURES SHE KNEW INTIMATELY, KAREN CAN'T AVOID THAT THEY MATCH THOSE OF MATT MURDOCK.



KAREN CAN'T ESCAPE THAT HER FRIEND AND LOVER IS LAID OUT IN A COFFIN.

OH, FOGGY...

IT'LL-- IT'LL BE OKAY, KAREN... WON'T IT?

SENSATIONALIST REPORTING HAD IMPLIED THE LAWYER MURDOCK WAS ALSO THE VIGILANTE DAREDEVIL.

THE THEORY WAS THAT SOME THUG A WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST THE MASK HAD TAKEN IT OUT ON THE MAN.

ATTORNEY FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON CALLS IN MARKERS FROM FRIENDS IN OFFICIAL PLACES.

DETAILS OF THE FUNERAL ARE KEPT QUIET TO AVOID MORE OF A MEDIA CIRCUS.



BUT WORD STILL GETS OUT...

... ENOUGH SO THAT SOME OF THOSE MATT TOUCHED REACH OUT TO TOUCH BACK.

SOMETIMES PARTNERS LIKE PETER PARKER, A.K.A. THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN.



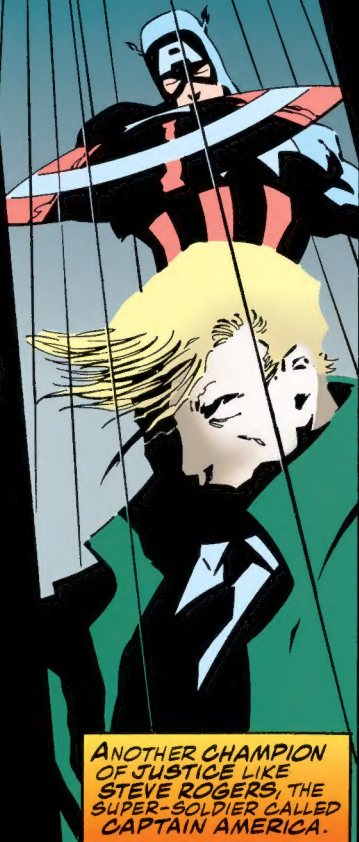
OLD FLAMES LIKE NATALIA ROMANOVA, THE ESPIONAGE AGENT KNOWN AS THE BLACK WIDOW.



WHO IS HE AGAIN, TIGER?

JUST SOMEONE I'D HANG AROUND WITH NOW AND THEN, M3.

A GOOD GUY... EVEN IF HE DID LIKE TO RAISE HECK AND TAKE CHANCES...



ANOTHER CHAMPION OF JUSTICE LIKE STEVE ROGERS, THE SUPER-SOLDIER CALLED CAPTAIN AMERICA.



AND THEY ALL MAKE  
THEIR WAY HERE FOR  
THE SAME, SOLEMN  
REASON.

WE GATHER  
TO PAY OUR LAST  
RESPECTS TO  
MATTHEW MICHAEL  
MURDOCK...

KICKING OFF THE  
31ST YEAR OF THE  
MAN WITHOUT FEAR!  
by  
D.G. CHICHESTER  
& SCOTT McDANIEL  
HECTOR COLLAZO  
inker  
BILL OAKLEY  
letterer  
MAX SCHEELE  
colorist  
RALPH MACCHIO  
editor  
TOM DEFALCO  
chief

"An unholy alliance of the techni-  
cal world with the underground  
of... street level anarchy."

—Bruce Sterling, describing the  
term "cyberpunk"

TREE of KNOWLEDGE ~ part one



TAPE IS  
ROLLIN',  
BOBBY!

ROBERT DENNEHY,  
WFET NEWS! WE TRACK  
DOWN THE NEWS THAT  
TRIES TO RUN AWAY!

AT THE GRAVE  
OF MATT MURDOCK,  
WHERE THE FIRST  
SHOVELFULS OF DIRT  
BEGIN TO BURY DARE-  
DEVIL'S SECRETS!

AMONG THE MOURNERS  
IS JOHNNY STORM, THE  
FANTASTIC FOUR'S HUMAN  
TORCH!

MURDOCK  
DEFENDED YOU IN  
COURT, STORM, WHEN  
YOU COOKED HALF OF  
EMPIRE STATE UNIVER-  
SITY! JUSTICE FOR  
ALL?

OR JUST ANOTHER  
EXAMPLE OF YOU COSTUMED  
TYPES STICKING  
TOGETHER AGAINST THE  
REST OF US?

WANT A  
SOUNDBITE,  
PAL?

**Fwoosh!**

CHEW ON  
THIS!

WE'RE HERE  
TO HONOR THE  
MAN, NOT YOUR  
RATINGS!

WATCH YOURSELF  
HOTHEAD! THAT'S  
PRIVATE PROPERTY  
YOU JUST MICROWAVED,  
AND I GOT WITNESSES  
ALL AROUND!

YEAH. I'M  
SURE YOU'LL FIND  
EVERYONE  
HERE REAL  
COOPERATIVE.

JUST  
WHAT THE  
FIRST AMEND-  
MENT NEEDS--  
SYMPATHETIC  
BLIND-  
NESS!

C'MON, JOEY!  
HOW'S YOUR  
HAND?

S-S-STILL  
THERE... I  
TH-THINK.

THERE'S KAREN, JIM...  
OVER THERE! AWW... SHE  
STILL LOOKS GOOD,  
HUH? C'MON... LET'S  
CATCH UP ON OLD  
TIMES!

UH... A LITTLE  
LATER, ARTIE. MAYBE  
NOW'S NOT SUCH A  
GOOD TIME.

OH. THE GRIEF  
THING... I HEAR YOU,  
BROTHER!

DON'T WORRY.  
WE'LL ALL BE BACK  
IN BUSINESS AGAIN  
SOON ENOUGH...



WORD GETS OUT.

AND THOSE MATT  
TOUCHED REACH OUT  
TO TOUCH BACK.

WILSON FISK.

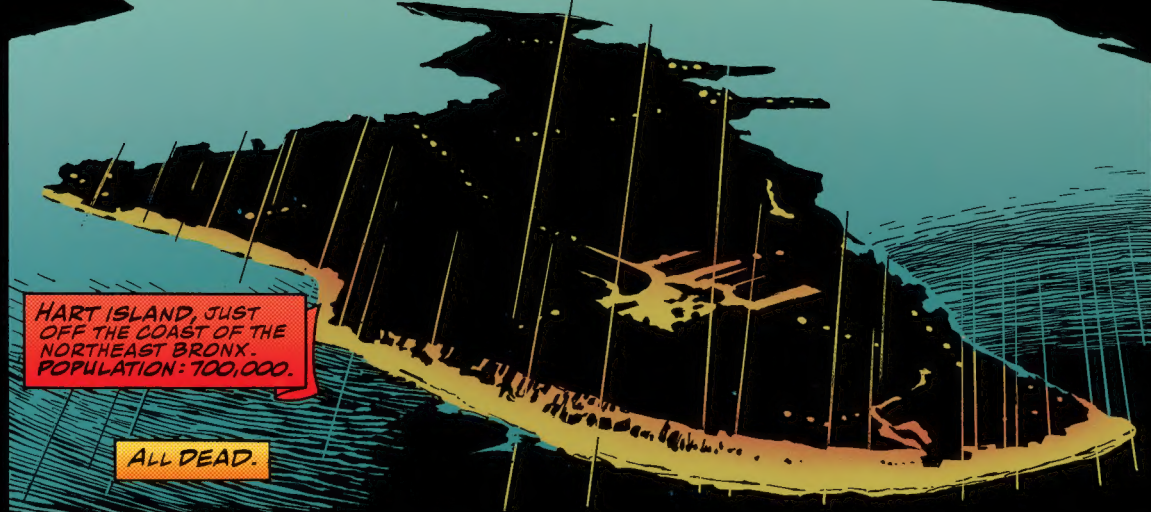
ONCE UPON TOO-LONG-A-  
TIME, HE WAS KINGPIN  
OF ALL THE CRIME IN THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK.

DAREDEVIL  
DETHRONED  
HIM.

PTOOO!

ROT  
SLOWLY.





HART ISLAND, JUST  
OFF THE COAST OF THE  
NORTHEAST BRONX.  
POPULATION: 700,000.

ALL DEAD.



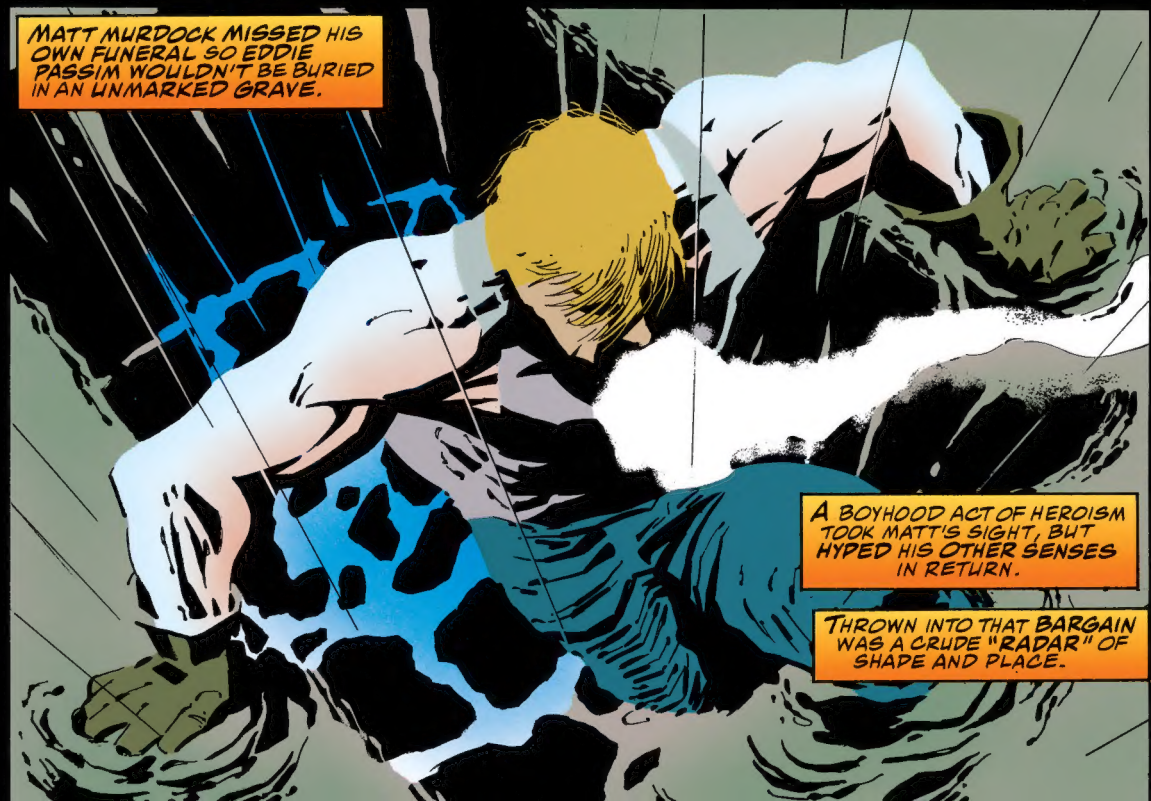
MASS GRAVES HOLD THE  
COUNTLESS BOXES.

UNKNOWN DRIFTERS FOUND  
DEAD IN THE STREET. JOHN  
DOE VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE.

FORGOTTEN REMAINS  
OF HUMAN LIVES.



BUT ONE BOX IS  
PULLED ASIDE TO BE  
REMEMBERED.



MATT MURDOCK MISSED HIS  
OWN FUNERAL SO EDDIE  
PASSIM WOULDN'T BE BURIED  
IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

A BOYHOOD ACT OF HEROISM  
TOOK MATT'S SIGHT, BUT  
HYPED HIS OTHER SENSES  
IN RETURN.

THROWN INTO THAT BARGAIN  
WAS A CRUDE "RADAR" OF  
SHAPE AND PLACE.



MURDOCK "SEES" A LONG  
RECTANGLE. SMELLS  
OOZING SAP. FEELS  
COARSE, UNFINISHED WOOD.

IT'D BE EASY TO TAKE  
THE WORLD ON JUST THE  
SURFACE ALONE.

BUT MATT MURDOCK'S BETTER  
KNOWN FOR GOING IT HARD.

GOING PAST THE CRUDE PINE  
BOX, GOING THE EXTRA MILE.

MAKING THE HUMAN CONNECTION WITH  
WHO THE MAN INSIDE ONCE WAS.

THIRTY YEARS AGO,  
EDDIE PASSIM  
WAS YOUNG AND  
IN LOVE.

THIRTY YEARS LATER, AND  
EDDIE WAS INSANE  
AND ON THE RUN.

THEN, THERESA WAS  
MURDERED TO  
HELP CREATE A  
DEFENSE DEPART-  
MENT SUPER-VIRUS  
CALLED "ABOUT  
FACE."

NOW, EDDIE'S SECRETS  
ABOUT THE VIRUS MADE  
HIM A TARGET.



FIGHTING TO KEEP VIRUS-HUNTERS FROM TEARING APART NEW YORK, DAREDEVIL NEVER SAW HEADLINE-HUNTERS TEARING HIM DOWN.

"MATT MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL?" THE PAPERS READ, AND THE QUESTION ALONE MEANT RISK FOR EVERYONE AROUND THE MAN.

THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE A CRAZY LOOKING TO PROVE SOMETHING BY GUNNING FOR MURDOCK.

THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE THE DANGER OF AN INNOCENT GETTING HURT.

A DOPPELGANGER NAMED HELL-SPAWN PROVIDED THE SOLUTION. FULLY TRANSFORMED TO HUMAN FORM, IT PASSED FOR MURDOCK...

...LAYING TO REST LAWYER AND THREAT IN THE SAME GRAVE.



EDDIE FOUND HIS REST, TOO...



... FINALLY SETTLING UP WITH HIS LOVER'S KILLER.



HYPERSENSITIVE FINGERS TRACE THE LETTERS, "READING" THE WORDS.





THE S.H.I.E.L.D.  
HELICARRIER.

SOMEWHERE OFF  
THE RADAR SCREEN.

WE'RE AN  
ESPIONAGE  
OUTFIT,  
GARRETT--

--NOT A  
PLAYPEN FOR RAMBO  
WANNABES!

THANK YOU FOR  
MAKING THAT CLEAR,  
COLONEL FURY. WHAT'S  
YOUR EXCUSE  
THEN, SIR?

WATCH YOURSELF,  
JOHNNY-BOY! AND  
STOP ACTIN' SO  
EMBARRASSED  
OVER THERE--

--YOU AIN'T  
GOT NOTHIN'  
LEFT TO  
COVER UP!

INTERNAL CHEMICAL PLANT  
WITH AN OPTION FER ACIDS...  
WEAPON FIRING-PATTERNS  
HARD-WIRED INTO YOUR SKULL  
...SERVO-MOTORS PRE-  
PROGRAMMED TO PUNCH OUT  
A MAN'S SPINE...

SORRY IT'S  
NOT TO YOUR  
LIKING,  
COLONEL...

...YOUR  
NINJA BUDDIES  
IN THE  
SNAKEROOT  
DID A REAL  
NUMBER  
REBUILDIN'  
YOU!

"...BUT IT SUITS ME A LOT  
BETTER THAN S.H.I.E.L.D.'S  
IDEA OF A SERVICE PLAN!"

"I NEVER ASKED  
FOR EITHER OF  
YOUR 'HELP'!"



YOU'RE A ROGUE  
ELEMENT, GARRETT!  
JUST THIS SIDE OF  
CERTIFIABLE  
SOCIOPATH!

AND YOU'RE A  
ONE-EYED CANCER  
RISK LEFT OVER  
FROM WORLD WAR  
II! SIR.

I GOT A DISK  
FULL OF EXPERTS  
SAY PUT YOU  
AWAY, JOHN-  
JOHN...

HE'S ON TV  
WEARIN' MEDALS  
AND GETTIN'  
MOVIE DEALS!  
I'M IN THE MUD  
WEARIN' A CHEAP  
SUIT, ABOUT TO  
GET BURIED UNDER  
THE SALT  
FLATS!

YOU'RE  
A COVERT,  
MANIPULATIVE  
S.O.B., FURY...  
YOU CAN PULL THE  
STRINGS TO MAKE  
IT LIKE I NEVER  
EXISTED!

OR LOOK ME IN  
THE EYE AND GIVE  
ME SOME DUE FOR  
WHAT I DID  
ACCOMPLISH FOR  
THIS COUNTRY, NO  
MATTER HOW I  
GOT IT DONE!

'CAUSE I PLAYED  
FAST AND LOOSE WITH  
THE RULES? HOW'S  
THAT MAKE ME  
DIFFERENT THAN AN  
OLLIE NORTH?





MANHATTAN.

CORNER OF  
32ND AND 3RD.

WOLFY,  
MAN, THIS IS IT!  
THE CON OF THE  
CENTURY! THE  
BANK NEXT DOOR  
CLOSES ITS  
DOORS--

--AND WE  
SLIP OUR BOGUS  
CASH MACHINE  
IN WHEN THEY PULL  
THEIRS OUT!

THANK YOU,  
SAVINGS & LOAN  
SCANDAL!

IT WAS INSPIRED,  
VIC! ALL THEM MARKS  
STICKIN' THEIR CARDS  
IN, GETTIN' NOTHIN'  
BACK BUT AN APOLOGY!

"NOTHIN' WORKS IN NEW YORK  
ANYWAY, SO WHAT'S ONE MORE  
GRIEF, RIGHT? SO SWEET, MAKE  
ME WANNA CRY!

"MAKE THEM CRY, TOO, WHEN THEY  
FIND OUT WE RECORDED THEIR  
I.D. NUMBERS OFF THEIR CARDS..."

hmmf.

MOTHERLESS  
PIECE O'--

OH. WHAT DO  
I--? OH.

KLIK

"...MEANIN' WE SCORE ON  
THEIR ACCOUNTS AT A REAL  
MACHINE! "HOW CAN I HELP  
YOU TODAY?" WELL, MR. ATM..."

LET US HAVE EVERY  
RED CENT BELONGIN' TO  
EVERY SUCKER STUPID  
ENOUGH TO FALL FOR  
THIS SCAM!

I'M SORRY-- I'M  
UNABLE TO COMPLETE  
THAT TRANSACTION  
AT THIS TIME!

VIC!

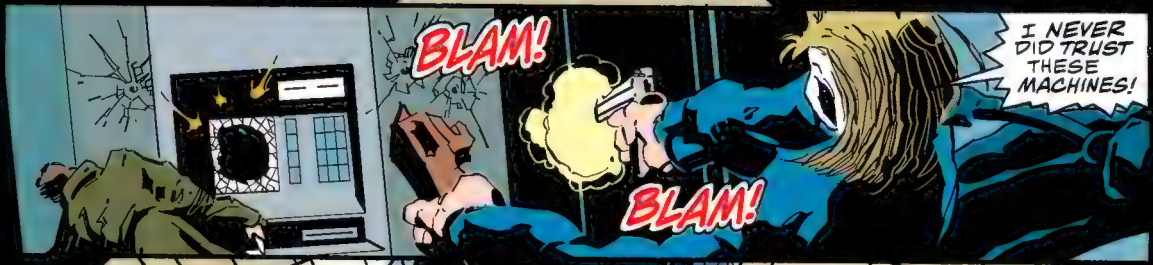
SKRAAASH!





IS THERE  
SOMETHING ELSE  
I CAN HELP YOU  
WITH?

FWKAK!



BLAM!

BLAM!

I NEVER  
DID TRUST  
THESE  
MACHINES!



FWKAAAAM!!!

THE PEOPLE  
YOU WERE LOOKING  
TO RIPOFF DID  
TRUST THEM--TRUST  
YOU WERE LOOKING  
TO ABUSE!

WORTH IT  
FOR THE LOOK  
ON YOUR FACE  
RIGHT NOW!

SQUEEZING  
BEHIND THAT  
SERVICE PANEL  
AND WAITING  
FOR YOU TWO WAS  
A TIGHT FIT!

KLNKANK!





CAREFUL  
WITH YOUR  
MASCULINITY,  
THERE!



THE GUN FEELS  
THICK AND UGLY.

BUT HE NEEDS IT TO  
BREAK THE CONNECTION  
BETWEEN THE "OLD"  
DAREDEVIL AND THE "NEW."



TO START A REPUTATION  
THAT WILL STOP COLD  
THOSE THINKING MATT  
MURDOCK MIGHT STILL  
BE UNDER THE MASK.

I CAN PLAY  
WITH THESE KUNG FU  
TOYS, TOO!



HEY!  
H- HORNHEAD  
I ALWAYS HEARD  
OF N- NEVER USED  
A PIECE!



TIMES CHANGE...  
PEOPLE, TOO. NOT  
YOU, THOUGH, WOLFY,  
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A  
WORTHLESS CON--

--NOWHERE  
NEAR SMART  
ENOUGH TO ENGINEER  
THE CIRCUIT BOARDS  
TO MAKE THIS HI-TECH  
STING WORK!



WHO'S THE  
NEXT STEP  
DOWN THE  
LOWLIFE  
LADDER?



YOU WANT  
KNOWBOT?!  
YOU CAN HAVE  
HIM!





ME, I'LL  
JUST TAKE A  
PIECE 'A YOU,  
PAREDEVIL--  
--OR WHOEVER  
YOU ARE!



CATCH!



GIMME  
THAT!



GOT YOU NOW,  
YOU SONUVA--

COLLAPSIBLE SECTIONS  
EXTEND OUT.



SNRAAPK!

DOESN'T  
PAY TO BE  
GREEDY!



THAT'S A  
LESSON THIS  
"KNOWBOT'S" YET  
TO LEARN!

AND I  
CAN'T WAIT  
TO TEACH IT  
TO HIM...



TRIBECA. THE TRIANGLE-BELOW-CANAL STREET.

A ROOFTOP GARDEN BELONGING TO THE NATCHIOS' ESTATE.

MAINTAINED SOLELY FOR THE FAMILY'S SURVIVING DAUGHTER--

--THE ONE-TIME ASSASSIN-FOR-HIRE NAMED ELEKTRA.

"--THE THING THAT ENTERED YOU-- WHEN THE SNAKE-ROOT'S WARRIOR ERYNYS WAS KILLED--"

"I'VE ONLY RECLAIMED WHAT'S ALWAYS BEEN MINE, STONE. MY BITTER, DARK ESSENCE.

"MAYBE I CAN'T EXTINGUISH IT... BUT I CAN FIGHT AGAINST IT!"

WHEN YOU'RE STRONGER, STONE, THEN I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN, BACK TO OUR ORDER..."

"...BACK TO THE CHASTE.

I--I WILL HEAL, ELEKTRA... BUT YOUR AFFLICTION--





MORE  
LIKELY  
YOU'LL  
GIVE  
INTO IT,  
WOMAN!

YOU'D BEEN  
CLEANSED--

THWIT!

--YOU  
HAD YOUR  
CHANCE AT  
PURITY!

KTING!

KTANG!

STAR!

NOW LOOK AT  
YOURSELF--WEARING  
YOUR TAIN'T SO  
PROUDLY!

SHRIP!

ENOUGH,  
CLAW!

HYRUUK

ENOUGH  
FROM ALL OF  
YOU!

I KNOW IT'S  
AGAINST YOUR  
NATURE,  
WARRIORS, BUT  
TIME TO COME  
OUT OF THE  
SHADOWS...

FWRSH!





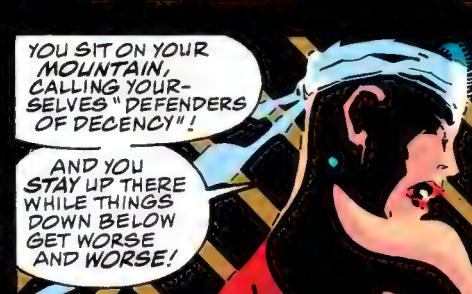
YOU'VE  
FALLEN  
FROM GRACE,  
ELEKTRA!

THERE'S NO  
LONGER ANY  
PLACE FOR YOU  
AMONG THE  
CHASTE!



THAT'S RIGHT--  
HANG YOUR  
HEAD IN  
SHAME!

MY CONTEMPT'S  
NOT FOR ME, NINJA  
--IT'S FOR YOU!

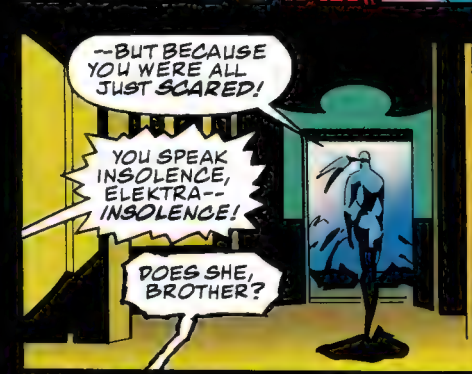


YOU SIT ON YOUR  
MOUNTAIN,  
CALLING YOUR-  
SELVES "DEFENDERS  
OF DECENTY"!

AND YOU  
STAY UP THERE  
WHILE THINGS  
DOWN BELOW  
GET WORSE  
AND WORSE!



I THINK  
STICK WANTED  
ME AND MATT  
TO JOIN THE  
CHASTE NOT  
BECAUSE THE  
REST OF YOU  
WERE GETTING  
OLD--



--BUT BECAUSE  
YOU WERE ALL  
JUST SCARED!

YOU SPEAK  
INSOLENCE,  
ELEKTRA--  
INSOLENCE!

DOES SHE,  
BROTHER?



OR DOES  
SHE SPEAK  
THE TRUTH?



A WAREHOUSE LOFT.

NORMAN AVENUE,  
GREENPOINT, BROOKLYN.

WHO  
NEEDS TO WAIT  
FOR THE FUTURE?  
VIRTUAL REALITY  
IS HERE AND  
NOW!

ALL IT TAKES IS SMARTS  
WITH A SILICON CHIP, AND  
CHARGE CARDS TO RADIO  
SHACK AND HOME  
DEPOT!

IMPRESSIVE,  
AIN'T I, SINCLAIR?  
SINCLAIR?

EARTH TO SINCLAIR  
SPECTRUM?

SINCE  
WHEN ARE  
YOU FROM EARTH,  
KNOWBOT?

37 HOURS  
STRAIGHT SITTING  
THERE HACKING,  
PIGGING ON GOD  
KNOWS WHAT  
KIND OF JUNK  
FOOD--

--AND I  
DON'T EVEN  
WANNA THINK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
BEEN USING FOR  
A BATHROOM!

THIS IS A LOT  
HEAVIER THAN SELLING  
BLACK BOXES TO ATM  
SCAM ARTISTS,  
KNOWBOT--

--AND WHEN I  
SAY "HEAVY," I'M NOT  
TALKING THAT BUCKET  
OF KFC EXTRA CRISPY  
YOU INHALED!

AND  
WHAT'S THE  
DEAL WITH THIS  
"KILOBYTE"  
BRUISER?

KILL-O-BYTE.

THANKS.  
I'LL BEAR THAT  
IN MIND FOR THE  
FUTURE!

WATCH  
YOURSELF,  
SINCLAIR--YOU'RE  
GONNA ANSWER  
FOR THOSE KINDA  
INSULTS!



I'LL EXPECT A CALL FROM THE "TWINKIE-EATING COMPUTER GEEK ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE"! NOW GIVE!

KILOBYTE'S A FAVOR FROM MY NEW CLIENTS! WATCHING OUT FOR ME WHILE I DO A LITTLE TELE-COMMUNICATIONS JUGGLING!

SORT OF DECLASSIFYING GOVERNMENT INFORMATION! POWER TO THE PEOPLE... THE ONES PAYING ME MONEY, ANYWAY!

SNOOPING IN SOME PHONE COMPANY COMPUTER FOR A FEW LAUGHS IS ONE THING, CHIPHEAD--

--YOU CROSS THE FEDS, AND IT'S A WHOLE 'NOTHER WORLD 'A TROUBLE DOWN ON YOUR HEAD!

# KRAAAASH!

THERE'S NO SOUND UNTIL THE SOLDIER WANTS THEM TO HEAR HIM.

A SECOND WORLD WAR WORTH OF COVERT TRAINING TAUGHT HIM THAT AND MUCH MORE.

YOUR DAY-AND-A-HALF OF COMPUTER INTRUSION PROMPTED THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO ASK ME TO LOOK INTO THE MATTER.

I ADVISE YOU ALL TO TURN YOURSELVES OVER TO THE DUE PROCESS OF THE LAW.

SHUT IT DOWN, KNOWBOT-- SHUT IT DOWN NOW!

LAW I KNOW'S THE LAW 'A PHYSICS...

# SKRAAK!





...THE ONE SAYING  
ALL THAT CHAIN MAIL  
YOU'RE WEARIN'  
MAKES A GREAT  
CONDUCTOR!

AN EXPERIMENTAL SERUM IS  
WHAT ORIGINALLY PRIMED  
THE SOLDIER'S PHYSIQUE TO  
NEAR-PERFECTION.

THAT SERUM NOW ACTS AS  
A SLOW POISON, RAVAGING  
HIS BODY--



--BUT NOT HIS  
RESOLVE.

IF THAT'S  
HOW YOU  
WANT IT...



DON'T MAKE ME  
SORRY I EVER  
TAUGHT YOU  
THIS STUFF IN  
THE FIRST  
PLACE, KNOW-  
BOT! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
OUT OF  
HERE!

LEAVE ME ALONE!  
I'M ALMOST THERE,  
I ALMOST GOT IT!



GOOD THROW--

--GOOD FOR  
NOTHING!



KRTAM!



ALL  
DEPENDS ON  
WHERE YOU'RE  
STANDING!



FILE  
TRANSFER  
COMPLETE!  
POWER  
HACKER  
SCORES!

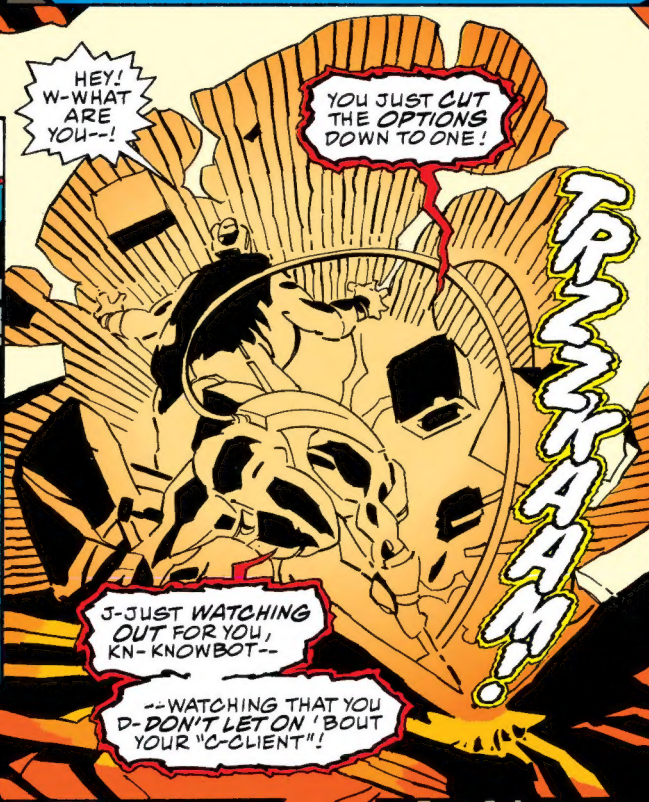


YOU CAN'T  
HAVE HIM...



I THOUGHT  
I'D ALREADY MADE  
THINGS CLEAR...

HEY!  
W-WHAT  
ARE  
YOU--!



YOU JUST CUT  
THE OPTIONS  
DOWN TO ONE!

J-JUST WATCHING  
OUT FOR YOU,  
KN- KNOWBOT--

--WATCHING THAT YOU  
D-DON'T LET ON 'BOUT  
YOUR "C-CLIENT"!



NO!

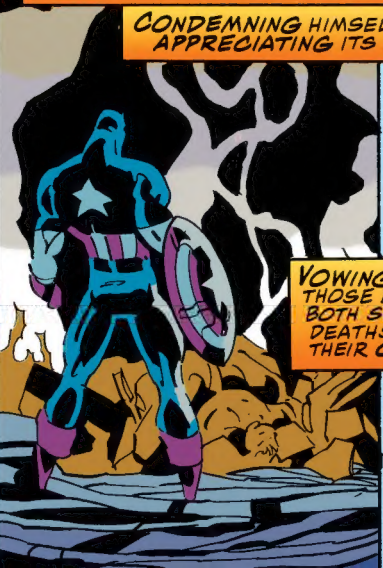
KN-KNOWBOT...?  
OH, YOU STUPID  
SAP...

...I'LL MISS  
YOU, KNOWBOT.  
I WILL.



THE SOLDIER SHAKES WITH RAGE  
AND FRUSTRATION. HE CURSES  
A TECHNOLOGY THAT DIDN'T EVEN  
EXIST WHEN HE WAS BORN.

CONDEMNING HIMSELF FOR NOT  
APPRECIATING ITS DANGER.



VOWING TO SEE  
THOSE BEHIND  
BOTH SENSELESS  
DEATHS PAY FOR  
THEIR CRIMES...

TIME  
TO LOG MY  
BACKSIDE  
OUTTA  
HERE...



IN THE QUEENS  
MUSEUM OF ART...

WITH A TWO-  
LEGGED BEAST  
NAMED BARON  
WOLFGANG VON  
STRUCKER.

THE GREAT  
BUILDER ROBERT MOSES  
HAD THIS PANORAMA OF  
NEW YORK CITY CONSTRUCTED.

WE USE IT TO  
ILLUSTRATE A  
CACOPHONY OF  
DESTRUCTION!

REJUVENATING  
MY TERRORIST CABAL  
HYDRA HAS PROVED  
SUCCESSFUL IN ALL  
WAYS BUT  
PERCEPTION!

WE ARE STILL  
SEEN AS A LESSER  
POWER, CANNON  
FODDER FOR THE  
"HEROES" OF ORDER  
TO EXERCISE THEIR  
PROWESS!


KRTOOM!

KRTAAM!

YOU WILL  
CHANGE ALL  
THAT, MY  
VANGUARD OF  
ANARCHY!

THE FUTURE  
WE BUILD IS  
THE DARK SIDE  
OF UTOPIA--THE  
DYSTOPIA!





THE  
INFORMATION  
HIGHWAY IS THE  
ROAD TO THAT  
TOMORROW.

AND  
TOMORROW  
BELONGS TO  
**SYSTEM  
CRASH...**

SPECIAL THANKS  
TO CARL POTTS.

NEXT: "SYSTEM ERROR"